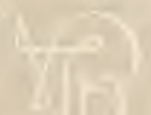
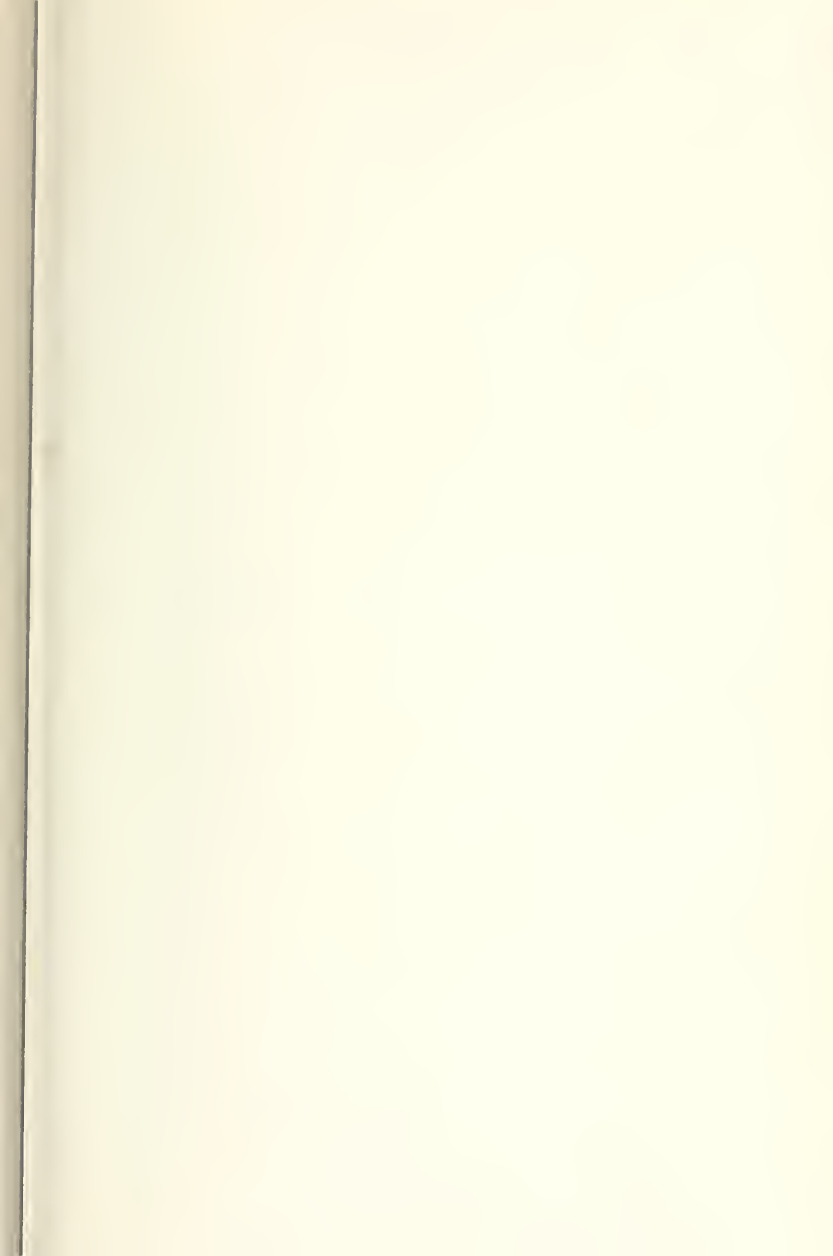


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C. K. OGDEN









136

POETS IN PUPIL ROOM

F. Pollock



✓
POETS IN PUPIL
ROOM

BY
THEMSELVES
OR PRACTICALLY SO

ETON COLLEGE
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., LTD.

1908



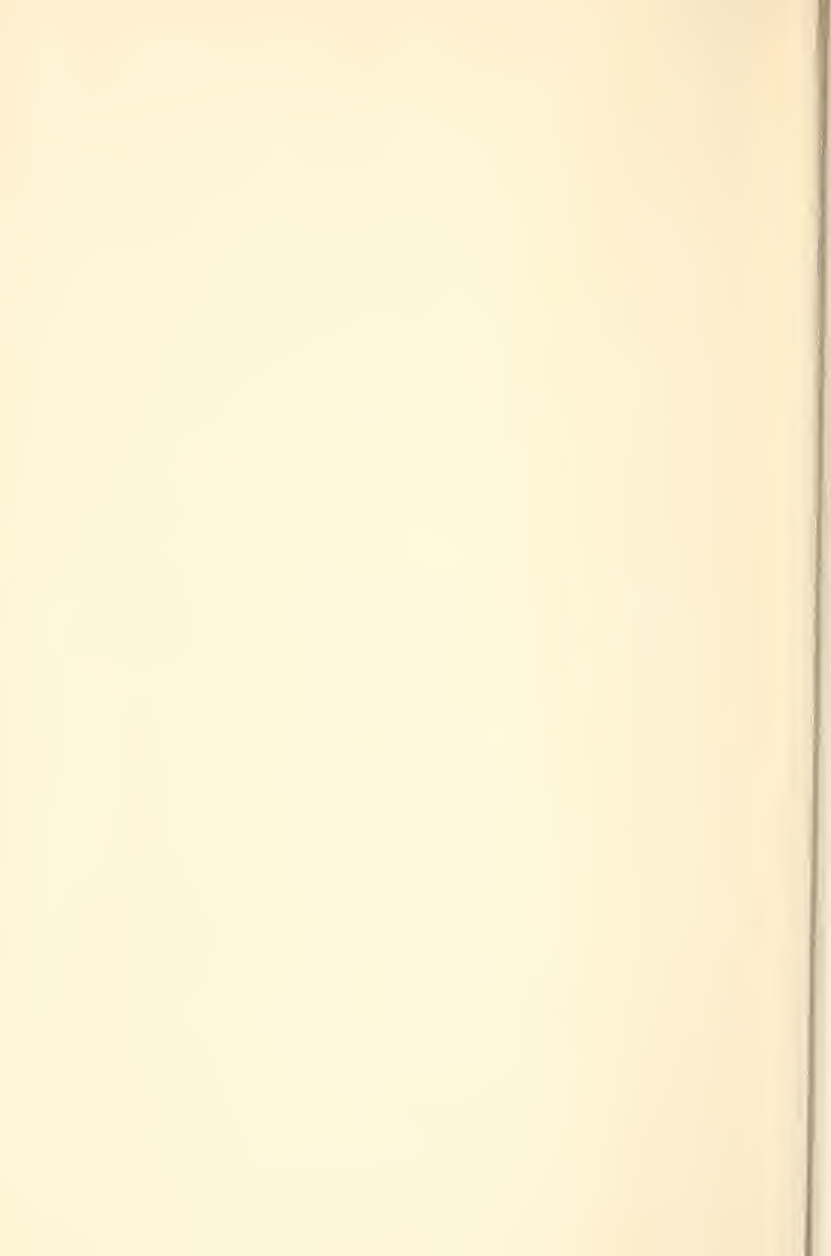
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TO KATHLEEN ALINGTON.

Seeing it is not granted us
To watch you in your ripening age ;
Seeing the fates have willed it thus,
And robbed you of your heritage :—

Take with you this our little book,
To move your tears or yield you mirth,
Lest you should cast no backward look
On us who knew you from your birth.



PREFACE.

In the pages that follow we have endeavoured, with what success the reader must decide, to be by turns humorous and grave, topical and pathetic. The one virtue at which we have in no case aimed is that of truth. It is fitting therefore that in this preface we should confine ourselves to a bare statement of fact.

The poems in this book have been written by the inmates of a single Eton pupil-room in the course of the last few years: the addition on the title page of the words "or practically so" is intended to cover the presence of their tutor, who may, however, with some justice, be regarded as a fixture in pupil-room.

They have been written, as a rule, for our own amusement, and are published solely for that end.

Should any readers share our pleasure we shall be more than happy: but we neither claim for ourselves, nor allow to them, the right to be surprised if they do not.

The index of proper names will, it is hoped, prove of assistance: unfortunately there is no one whom we can thank for making it, for we did that ourselves.

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POETS IN PUPIL-ROOM.

(I.) T. G.

* * * * *

'Twas but one small pentameter
That kept the little victim there
A pensive, prisoned boy :
He tried in vain to do the thing,
"The joyful bird is on the wing"—
He saw and shrieked for joy.

Presumptuous youth ! The Gradus tried,
"O laetus avis," Thomas cried,
Nor knew 'twas feminine—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The tempting words his pen beguiled,
They tumbled headlong in.

Know hence, ye school-boys, undeceived,
False concords never are retrieved,
And often lead to worse :
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless pens is lawful prize,
Nor all that's Latin, verse.

(II.) F. W. H. M.

I, who have made you songs in terza rima,
I, who have droned you dirges for a cat,
Aye, and could sing lamenting for a lemur
(Well may you wonder what I'm aiming at),

I, who have dabbled in the dreams of Dante,
I, who have gibbered of the Golden Age,
I, though my brain be fatuous and scanty,
Though I be not a prophet or a sage,

I, who of old (the nominative pendent
Is just a joke—there is no verb at all)
Like some bright planet in the sky resplendent,
Clad in a cloud, empurpled in a pall—

I, who at last have altered my intention,
And, like the rain upon the drooping herb,
Gentle geranium or gaudy gentian,
Send you the crowning mercy of a verb,

I, who am I, and no one shall deny it,
I, who am I, and who shall say me nay?—
Yea on the house-tops and the hills I cry it,
I have forgotten what I meant to say.

(III.) W. B.

(i.) *Lyrical.*

Bring me my inkpot and my pen!
Bring me my ink-bedabbled verse!
And set upon the right-hand floor
The gowns in black that love to curse!

For I will cease from mental fight,
And I will sleep upon my hand,
Before I make a fair copy
In learning's bleak and barren land.

—
(ii.) *Prophetic.*

Withering my intellect by laws of sacrifice for
sin,
The grim figure of Urizen confines me in this
cave,
Striving to create some verses in which all
shall be clean and tidy,
As far as regards the unities of outward place
and time.
Now at last I escape in a cloud but wretched
Luvah
Is howling in the Boot-hole in tears among the
Blackening-pots.

(IV.) A. C. S.

Here, where there is no quiet,
Here, where all devils seem
To gather and run riot,
To swirl and shrilly scream;
I watch the laggards learning,
While all their brains are burning,
And all their hearts are yearning
For strawberries and cream.

Pale, beyond wrath and curses,
Girt with great books, they stand
Who gather all our verses
And mock the pain they planned.
With ne'er a soul to aid us
We battle as they bade us,
And grind from Ainger's Gradus
The words that never scanned.

(V.) R. K.

Then sang the souls of the silly, silly, lower
boys,
Striving at their books, and they strove right
inkily:
"Our scholarship is weak,
And we never could do Greek,
And our stomachs they are empty: pity us
and let us be."

Then said the tutor, at his desk among the
lexicons,

Calling to Remove and Fourth Form in their
degree:

“Oh the horror and the gloom
Of this dingy pupil-room!

Now at last the clock has stricken: get ye
hence: I set you free.”

— — —
(VI.) R. B.

Who will may hear the tale of Pupil-Room.

* * * * *

What? in this bleak and mournful place shall I,
Being I myself and just exactly what

I am, eke out among th' inadequate

Fools, stewing in their juice, my lyric life?

No, Sir, not if I know it! And yet why not?

For if the mind is willing and the soul,

Why then the body needs must follow so.

Next door they howl, and here pen-scratch is
heard,

And joke makes laugh—that gives you three
good sounds,

And now let's make a star as quick as may.

* * * * *

Who would has heard the tale of Pupil-Room.

(VII.) C. M.

Tamburlaine.

Hola! ye pampered tugs of Albion!
What! can ye make but twenty lines an hour,
In so palatial a room as this,
With such a tutor as great Tamburlaine?
Here's Pythagoras' Metempsychosis,
Pons Asinorum, that Eucleides built,
Thucydides, Herodotus' History,
Facciolati, heavier than the lead
That's rent out of the bowels of the earth,
Rich, costly books, in vellum bounden all,
Infinite riches in a little room,
More valuable than pearls or diamonds,
That Lydian Cræsus hoarded. Here am I
Eight times as rich as David's famous son,
Solomon, King of Hierusalem,
And eight times wiser than was Solomon.

Techelles.

It must be jolly, Sir, to talk like that,
And stride in triumph thorough Pupil-room.

Tamburlaine.

"And stride in triumph thorough Pupil-room!"
Is it not brave to be a tutor, owls,
Otototótotoi and Tophlattothrat,
Is it not passing brave to be a tutor,
"And stride in triumph thorough Pupil-room"?

(VIII.) G. M.

Tired as the oyster and stupid as the seaweed,
Green as the seaweed and longing for the
light,

Pillowing our foreheads upon our sullied fingers,
Sounder we sleep in the day than in the night.

Tired as the oyster that sleeps among the
mud-beds,

Envy we the seaweed that basks beneath
the sun;

This which I write is hard to scan and construe,
Hard, but O the glory of the doing were it
done !

* * * *

Woeful is the poise of the young tug weeping
Blindly o'er the paper marred by one large
blot,

Lone on the book-case, on the lexicons and
Careys,

Frowning o'er the room stands the huge inkpot.
Darker grows the memory, more and more
forgetting;

Fain would I forget the ink that has been
spilled :

Tell the angry tutor that holds the quibbling
Quicherat,

Tell him to forget how his fountain-pen is
filled.

TO R. A. K.

[The poets feel a real pleasure in commemorating thus early in their work the Balliol Scholarship of Mr. Knox, to whom Eton literature owes so large a debt of gratitude.]

Lesser academies, weep ye and wail ye all!

Here is the third and the rudest of shocks:
Was it not written of tutors of Balliol

‘Keen as the eagle and wise as the fox’?
Small constellations, extinguish and pale ye all
Fires ineffectual, yielding to Knox!

Wise was the bellman’s remark to the crew:
“Things that are told you three times are true.”

Thames, we may take it, now finally fired is
(Suitable hoses are kept at the locks),

Seven, I’m told, is the number of Pleiades—

Now at the titular ford of the Ox
Smaller, but equally splendid, the triad is

Swithinbank, Daniel Macmillan and Knox:
Never, I think, a more excellent three
Danced by the famous Hesperian tree!

Eton, abode of effete aristocracy,

Wholly devoted to hunting the hare,
Kindly explain to a puzzled democracy

How they can thrive in your pestilent air?
Well, I suppose, as you may from the Brocas eye
Steering erratic by boys in a pair,
They were a pair, and they wanted a cox :
How could they hit on a better than Knox ?

Floreat, floreat ! honouring gaily all

Those who have shared the remarkable feat,
Praise we the Master and Fellows of Balliol,

And with a reverent gratitude greet
Those who have sat in the seat of Gamaliel,
Those who have sat at Gamaliel's feet :
Hail to the pride of our scholarly flocks !
Hail to unsequipedalian Knox !

ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER TO THE MASTER IN COLLEGE.

[Apologies are perhaps needed for the domestic nature of the episode commemorated. The poet's predictions have, so far, only been verified to the end of verse 2.]

O sisters, who follow seductive Apollo,
Or sit by the springs of Castalia,
Make ready, I pray, without further delay
Your melodious paraphernalia :
Come, tune up your flutes or your seven-
stringed lutes,
And from any euonymous quarter
Descend to the earth to honour the birth
Of the Master-in-College's daughter !

You might sing her an ode in the Eton Wick
road

With all our Academy listening :
Or, dissembling the Muse, you might occupy pews
In the Church, at the actual christening.
There the student you'll find who has put from
his mind

The Acts, and St. Paul at Iconium :
There a soft serenade will be tactfully played
By the Keeper of College Harmonium.

It is thought that Thalia would like to supply her
(Should she have to cut teeth or take liquorice)
With funds of good humour; moreover—says
rumour—

Her movements will rival Terpsichore's.
Urania, too, will the infant imbue
With a taste for the laws of astronomy;
And the whole of the Nine are sure to combine
To present her with beauty and bonhomie.

To induce her to laugh the whole of the staff
Will gambol about in the nursery:
With rattles and toys and appropriate noise
The Powers will come from the Bursary.
And Pop in a bevy will wait at her levée,
The Dames will all hasten to pet her,
And for Deputy Nurse you might well find a worse
Than the faithful and fond Henrietta.

Let me finish my song, which has grown rather
long,
For time and the printer are pressing,
By proceeding to pray that Miss Alington may
Have ev'ry conceivable blessing.
May prosperous health not uncoupled with wealth
And beauty, and wit, and good knowledge,
Never cease to attend on our juvenile friend,
The latest addition to College!

SPRING IN THE PURBECK HILLS.

[It would be a pity if it were supposed that the poets took no joy in nature: it must be confessed, however, that a majority of the editors did not know till they were told that the natives of the locality in question pronounce *lee* as they have to in line 7.]

The wind was sighing sadly on the hills ;
The hills were bleak, the hills were gaunt to
view,

The wanton shrieking of the wild seamew
Was heard above the coursing of the rills.
The whirling sails of all the lone windmills
Moan'd in the air : of sheep a wandering few
Grazed here and there or sheltered in the lew
Of a grey stone wall, from that keen wind
which kills.

And I was sad, with sorrow for the land,
And walked with downcast eyes upon my
way ;
Till I felt the touch of a dear, forgotten, hand
And in mine ear a welcome voice did say :
"Look up ! The Spring is come upon the
Earth."

I look'd : and lo ! the Sun shone out in mirth.

A SLIGHT EFFUSION OF COLLEGE SPIRIT.

(With apologies to all Oppidans, Past and Present.)

[St. Andrew's Day, 1906. College, 1 shy ; Oppidans, nil.]

If Eton is loyal to all games
 (As Eton should certainly be),
And especially partial to Wall games
 (Which is taken for granted by me);
The athlocracy not being rotten
 Or even in danger at all,
It surely should not be forgotten
 That College has won at the Wall.

It isn't my object to rub it
 Unkindly on Oppidans in ;
I won't be so rude as to dub it
 A victory "hollow" or "thin."
'Twould lessen our credit to cotton
 To feelings so palpably small,
And the fact might in time be forgotten
 That College has won at the Wall.

A lustrum of Balliol successes
With Finlay completing the tale
Is good: but the fate of the less is
In the light of the greater to pale.
Our bolt, they were saying, was shotten,
Our glories were wormwood and gall;
But now it will not be forgotten
That College has won at the Wall.

It would surely be dismal if College
(To which there is only one rhyme)
Were to pride herself solely on knowledge
And abandon St. Andrew in time.
Remember—till Henderson got an
Unimpeachable hand on the ball,
It was stealthily being forgotten
That College could win at the Wall.

ALTER ERIT TUM . . . ARGOS.

[Sandy, the property of Mr. Marten, died just before his master's return from the circumnavigation of the globe. The author of the poem is proud of the title, but his brother editors are unable to guess his reasons.]

Come, dogs and puppies everywhere,
Croph and Mophi, Jock and Jack,
Come, Henrietta, tear your hair
Or dye yourself a deeper black :
Howl, howl with elevated head
And weep with me for Sandy dead !

Come, Hist'ry Specialists, where'er
You pluck to-day the lotus flower,
Mourn him who 'neath the wicker chair
Has oft beguiled the dreaming hour :
Clio herself those haunts has fled
And weeps to tell that Sandy's dead !

Odysseus turning home again
From men a bitter welcome found,
But he they scorned and would have slain
Was greeted by his faithful hound :
Our new Odysseus finds instead
We welcome him—but Sandy's dead !

He knew the mouse's secret hole,
He knew (but scorned) the art to beg;
Whene'er his lord essayed to bowl,
He knew his place—a longish leg:
O head that bowled, O hand that fed,
We weep with you for Sandy dead!

Nay, mourn him not in words alone!
Here, where he passed his mighty youth,
We'll grave in sempiternal stone
With some indifference to truth,
Yet not without an honest pride,
“Here Sandy lived, and loved, and died!”

BALLADE OF UNSATISFACTORY PURSUITS.

[The first verse can be had separately, for humanitarian purposes, at 6*d.* the thousand copies (post free).]

The burden of much beagling : thou shalt chase
O'er miles of plough the still unwearied prey,
And haply shalt be foremost in the race,
And boastfully to thine own soul shalt say,
"Shall I not have a portion when they slay?"
Then, sudden, an entanglement of wire
Shall hold thee while thy friends go on their
way.

This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much skating : thou shalt lace
Thy boots upon thee, confident and gay,
And cut a three with an uncommon grace ;
Then, to thy sickened heart's intense dismay,
The ice shall give beneath thee ; wan and grey
Thou shalt return, and crouch beside the fire,
And sell thy skates to one who will not pay.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much sapping : with set face
From sock, from soccer thou shalt turn away,
Work day and night, in hope to gain a place
With the Select, hope for the Wilder—nay,
For the Newcastle. Then the “flu” shall lay
Her hand upon thee ; all thy hopes expire,
Wrecked by the trivial sickness of a day.
This is the end of every man’s desire.

Envoy.

Prince, of all these I too have made assay,
And now in truth of all alike I tire.
How pleasant not to labour or to play !
This is the end of every man’s desire.

SUMMER, 1907.

[As the summer is the season when the poets chiefly ply their craft, no apology will be offered, to those who know the Thames valley, for their finding two kindred poems on this melancholy theme: on the other hand, a sincere apology is offered to those who detect the blasphemy in the first line.]

Cold in the field—and fifteen wild Decembers
Fail to surpass this April's bitter raining.
Happy indeed the spirit that remembers!
Happy remembrance of the strictest training,
Of football and the vain attempts to kick it,
Happy the thought of running and attaining
Places and prizes: but the power of cricket
Forbids such thought; and void of human
reason—
Cold in the field or at the joyless wicket,
Hopeless await we the real summer's season.

SUMMER, 1908.

The month is May, the spring-time of the year—
This is the way to start if you're a poet;
Besides, I thought I'd tell you, for I fear
 You mightn't know it.

The grass is green, the young lambs leap
 around—
At least with optimistic minds they try to,
Wherever in unwonted fields they've found
 A place to fly to.

For floods obscure the earth with muddy tide
As they in Noah's dreary days of yore did,
As if the so-called spring essayed to hide
 Her visage sordid.

And when the rain at last consents to stop,
And Father Thames, repenting his offences,
Retires reluctantly to seek his prop-
 er residences:

What does he leave us? Fields of muddy grass
From which the water oozes when you tread
 on it,
While worms and other creatures—drowned alas!
 Are lying dead on it.

SUNT QUOS.

A sestina of Diabolo.

[It is to be hoped that none of our readers will remember the Diabolo craze: it visited Eton with pitiless severity in 1907.]

There is a game, invented by the Chinese
(So rumour runs), eponymously Satan's,
A subtle game of simple apparatus,
Yet waking feelings of a growing terror
In the terrestrial minds of the unlearned,
Who will not or who cannot rightly play it.

So we will give you hints how you should play it
(See *Daily Mail*), all borrow'd from the Chinese.
First there's the spool; if you are so unlearned
As not to know this instrument of Satan's,
'Tis but an odd-shaped indiarubber terror
Like an hourglass or some such apparatus.

Then there's the string and sticks—the apparatus
Really is simple if you can but play it.
Now grasp the sticks (one stick, one hand).

The terror

Must on the string be lifted thus, the Chinese
Always affirm; your skill should equal Satan's
Or Marcel Meunier's (but you are unlearned,

And such a name is French to the unlearned).
So to resume—you grasp the apparatus,
And though your hand be jogged by fiends of
Satan's

Household, yet you must boldly strive to play it
With resolution, as did once the Chinese—
Lachesis spinning an indiarubber terror.

Then throw it up—'twill cause immediate terror
'Mongst the onlookers (who must be unlearned
Or they'd not onlook), but it's like the Chinese,
Shows you have mastered all the apparatus,
And like the Chinese have begun to play it,
Although their skill could quite outrival Satan's.

Oh yes, their skill could quite outrival Satan's
And so will yours, but you'll become a terror
To all the fools who cannot, will not play it.
So be content to join the great unlearned,
So leave alone that simple apparatus,
And do not seek to emulate the Chinese.

Envoy.

O subtle Chinese, brotherhood of Satan's,
Your apparatus fills me full of terror,
For I'm unlearned and I cannot play it.

[In 1907 the poets studied Dante. Traces of this expedition may be found among the penal poems later on, and perhaps in the tone of gloomy familiarity with which they handle the deepest problems for some time after.]

DANTE IN HELL.

(After William Morris.)

Down in that gloomy pit
The sad souls mourn in their pain,
They are cut off from rest,
They have no pleasure again.
Therefore, the master saith, we go
To look upon this endless woe.

Fast bound in iron they sit,
In iron of misery,
They lay them down to unrest,
Their laughter comes not of glee.
Listen! saith he, how shrill it rings!
Let us go down to see these things.

Some in a circle flit
Like brown leaves chased by the wind,
They wander and have no rest,
They are tortured, body and mind.
Therefore, the master saith, wilt thou
Go down and look upon them now?

Behold, this man had wit,
And another was great by birth;
But they sinned, and they may not rest—
They had their pleasure on earth.
Listen! saith he, because they weep,
Crying to God to let them sleep.

Lo now, what profiteth it
To have known great joy above?
These loved—and they cannot rest,
To pay the price of their love.
Therefore, the master saith, they turn
Before the wind, that they may learn.

Here is that dismal pit,
Where men must pay for their sin.
There is no silence, nor rest,
No quiet, no peace therein.
Listen! saith he, the sad souls cry,
“Can we not die, can we not die?”

The vision of Christ which thou dost see
Is my vision's greatest enemy.

O thou inexorable Florentine,
Whose heart was harden'd in the fires of
Hell,
So thou didst laugh and say it was done
well—

I like not overmuch this God of thine.

Shall all dead men eternally repine

For every sin by which their weakness fell
Doom'd wholly by an all-remorseless knell,
Untemper'd, wrought of adamant, divine?

Hast thou consider'd deeply of thy Lord,

So that thou knowest all his inmost heart?
And dost thou only hear his breathed word

Expounding vengeance, stern, aloof, apart?
Maybe we too have seen it—otherwise—
Written, some starlit night, upon the skies.

**“AND THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST,
AND THE LAST FIRST.”**

I dreamt last night that we had come at length
To the great final judgment day, and God
Sat ready on his throne to judge the earth.
The wicked first came forth to hear their fate ;
Some wept remembering their stain and sin,
And shrieked, and hurled them sobbing at his
feet ;

And some stood boldly forth, and called him
cursed,

Who sent them with a soul they could not save
To battle vainly with a fate too strong.

But to them all God spake the self-same word :

“Because that ye are weak, and I am strong,

Because that I did send you to a world,

Where sin was rife and prospered, where my
grace

Was dim and shrouded from your helpless eyes,

How can I judge you—I, who sit secure,

Passionless, white and stainless on my throne ?

Nay, ye who fell and rose and fell again,

Who railed upon the God ye could not see,

Who blindly sank and struggled, surely ye
Are great as I : come ye, and share my realm."
The righteous wondered what this thing should
mean ;

What profit lay in virtue and good deeds,
If they should fare no better than the rest,
Win no more excellent reward ? Yet forth
They stood, and smiled demurely on their God.
But he looked fiercely down upon them, and bent
His brows, and through the sounding judgment-
hall

Of heaven his voice rang icily and clear :

"Because ye thought yourselves secure, because
Ye spat upon your brethren in the dust,
And plotted how yourselves should feast in
heaven,

While they were tortured in the flames of hell—
See there the hell which ye yourselves have
made,

The foul creation of your foetid brain.

See, how it yawns for you : go, enter in."

Awestruck they moved within the fiery gate,
And from mine eyes the sleep began to pass.
Yet such was not the ending of my dream ;
For, as I looked, I saw the fires grow pale
And vanish, and the throng of righteous souls
Pardoned from pride and hard intolerance,
Kneel praying with the sinners before God.

A POEM, AFTER READING DANTE'S INFERNO.

[It is doubtful whether lovers of the *Divina Commedia* or lovers of the *Just So Stories* will be more shocked at the scandalous lack of taste displayed by this poem.]

I've never seen th' inferno,
I've never been there yet,
But from Dante's true description
It's a place you'd not forget:
It's a place of gruesome tortures
Where punished sinners lie;
So I'd like to go to Hades
(Go down the road to Hades),
And I'd like to go to Hades,
That is, before I die.

I've never crossed the Acheron
In Charon's flimsy raft,
Or been assailed by Plutus,
Or seen the realms of craft;
But fearless Dante did it,
So pray why should not I
Go likewise down to Hades
(Go down, go down to Hades)?
O, I'd like to go to Hades,
Though not so when I die.

And yet I'm not so certain
That it would be so nice,
For the sights you see are awful,
And all is fire or ice.

It's true that Dante did it,
But I'm not so sure that I
Would like to go to Hades
(Go down, go down to Hades),
For a queerish place is Hades
And queerer when you die.

THE CURRICULUM.

*Air—"THE HEAVY DRAGOON."**(With apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert.)*

[Thanks to Mr. Benson, education has taken its rightful place as a household topic: it is hoped that this poem may help to keep the discussion on practical lines.]

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery
Known to the world as the *Curriculum*,
Take Latin and Science, French, German and
History,

Set them all down as the terms of a sum:
Driver's Divinity, German geography,

Rules for the use of indefinite *ad*:
Music, Mechanics and pure Palaeography,

Topical talks on the growth of Japan:
Happy half-hours with the early crustacean,
Learned discussions of metres Horatian,
Physical drill for the weedy and weak,
Eton for ever and German for Greek.

Yes, yes, yes, yes!

Take of these subjects as much as is teachable,
Labour at all with a zeal unimpeachable,
Cancel them out, and the residuum
Gives an idea of the *Curriculum*!

Next, to obtain an agreeable variety,
Summon the aid of the halfpenny press,
Ask the opinion of London society,
Call on the parent to ban or to bless :
Pedants will prove they have flourished in spite
of it,
Treating of How to Succeed at the Bar,
Learned professors will mournfully write of it
"Classics have made us the things that we
are :"
Journalists seeking the semi-sensational
Prove to be experts on things educational,
Marie Corelli will burst into song,
William of Germany wires "You are wrong."

Yes, yes, yes, yes !
Pick of your problems the simple and soluble,
Blindly invite the advice of the voluble,
When you are deaf and the talkers are dumb
You will arrive at the *Curriculum* !

THE NEW PRONUNCIATION.

[Solutions to the problem in the last verse should be sent in to Messrs. Spottiswoode in envelopes marked "Heu!"]

I take a lot of trouble with the new pronunciation,

Or—perhaps I ought to call it—the *pronunciatio*,

Should I ever go to Italy, the porters at the station

Will hail me a disciple of the school of Cicero.

My pupils titter audibly when spoken to of Venus,

And my teaching must have fallen on a fairly fruitful soil,

For my whole Division yesterday refused to do their poenas

On the ground that *oe* in *poena* had become the *oi* in boil.

I broaden all my diphthongs on the model of
Isaiah,

In speaking double consonants I leave a gap
between ;

I wave my wand like Circe in her island of
Aeaea,

And not a single vocable remains what it
has been.

There's nothing in my methods that is casual
or streaky :

I trill my *r*'s persistently and try to clean
my *l*'s,

And however hard you find it to say *Vem*,
Vidi, *Vici*,

It's nothing to the hardness of my *c*'s and of
my *g*'s.

I'm getting rather clever at the new pronuncia-
tion,

I know as well as anyone you mustn't call
it *Heu* !

But what you ought to call it, till I've further
information,

Is (with infinite apologies) a point I leave to
you.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

[*Eton Nature Study*, edited by Mr. Hill, can be obtained at Messrs. Spottiswoode's: we forget the price, but it is certainly worth more.]

When you are tired of killing hares
And Rugger seems to pall on you,
When cleeks or racquets want repairs
And Fives-courts have no call on you;
Or when you need some quiet hours
To ease your learning-laden head,
O come with me and gather flowers
Along the road to Maidenhead.

No doubt the hares are very tame,
And seem to murmur, "Please kill us";
No doubt but golf's a royal game,
No doubt you love your Aeschylus;
But ye with complicated brains,
And ye that haven't got any,
A greater pleasure yet remains—
To come and study botany.

Not mine, not mine the weight to throw,
Not mine to leap ; I sock as is
My wont ; I do not even know
What *Buttress*, *Butts*, or *Brocas* is ;
I hunt the tender little buds,
The primrose and the rest of them ;
And I assure the race of bloods
I'm gayer than the best of them.

I know what paths are fairly dry,
And where the finest thistle is,
I've sometimes caught the butterfly
Reposing in the chrysalis ;
My conscience never drags me out
To struggle with the biting gale,
And some fine day, I've not a doubt,
I'll hear the far-famed nightingale.

UCALEGON.

[A majority of the editors, believing this poem to be sarcastic, do not feel justified in issuing it to the public without a warning. It must not be copied in the *Daily Express* under the heading "Conservatism at Eton" without special permission.]

I have been known to make a run,
I sometimes catch a catch;
But I could never see the fun
Of playing in a match;
I am not covetous for fame,
Or eager to be known;
I have no wish for praise or blame,
If I am left alone.

In my division order I
Am always last but three;
And though my tutor heave a sigh,
It's good enough for me.
I hardly ever do a shirk,
I never was a "sport";
But then the time one spends in work
Is admirably short.

I read some politics—the *Star*
I purchase almost nightly—
And I am sure that riches are
Distributed quite rightly.
Our country's happy state to me
A passive joy affords ;
I venerate the Monarchy
And like the House of Lords.

I think our Eton systems good,
My tutor is a dear ;
I gladly eat my daily food
And drink my daily beer ;
And when men say the soup must go,
Or threaten Monday's veal,
I thank my stars that I have no
Iconoclastic zeal.

RAILING FOR RAILING.

[The railings outside Lower Chapel having been recently removed, the hopes of reformers were temporarily (but vainly) raised.]

If Bursars *have* a failing it's a liking for a
railing,
Which accounts for their profusion on our
premises to-day,
But I wish, in all humility, to question their
utility
And urge the possibility of taking them away.

Though nothing can be smarter than the rails
which Mr. Carter
Designed for the adornment of the schools in
Common Lane,
Of the criminal creations of preceding genera-
tions
And their silly situations let me venture to
complain.

Wouldn't Henry be astounded that the College
that he founded
Has to gaze on him surrounded by a spiky
palisade?
It is hard upon a statue to compel it to look
at you
As if it lived in terror of a predatory raid.

Need the Junior Bursar cower in his rooms in
Lupton's Tower
And defend each little flower with a horrid
little rail?
If a caravan of gipsies rob his beds, or Mr.
Cripps's,
Does he fancy such a trumpery protection
would avail?

Once only have I voiced a like suggestion in
the Cloister—
"Those railings, Mr. Luxmoore! I should love
to tear them down!"
But he only answered "Fie on you! they're
made of Sussex iron, you
Will always have my eye on you!"—I quailed
before his frown.

Our Bursar isn't timid ! he regards with
equanimity

Our dangerous proximity to Lower Chapel
wall :

Our Bursar's not a Tory ! let him earn a place
in story

And an everlasting glory by abolishing them
all !

A LITTLE RHYME IN PRAISE OF GOOD CONDUCTS.

[On Trafalgar Day 1906, Mr. Hargreaves, the Senior Conduct, was absent from his place in Chapel.]

SIR,—Do you suppose this Academy knows it
has recently broken a record?

That a breach has been made in a custom that's
said to have lasted for most of a decade?

Through the years that are past and the storm
and the blast and the frequently boisterous
weather

Though the bravest have quailed not a Conduct
has failed, and on Sundays they're always
together.

In vain at their gate does the motor await its
unrecognizable prey,

In vain in the night the bacteria smite, in vain
the bacillus by day :

For years that are ten these remarkable men
have hearkened to Duty's decree,

Who, as Wordsworth has said, smiles on flowers
in bed (though she's always awakening me).

Why, why, I repeat, has this singular feat
 escaped universal applause ?

I can only reply that we're usually shy of
 applauding the natural laws :

It is folly to thank anything that can rank with
 the great elementary forces

Like the moon or the sun or the planets that
 run predestined elliptical courses.

It is folly to praise when an apple obeys the
 laws of its own gravitation,

It is folly to blame the roast mutton for tamely
 obeying the laws of rotation,

And so I suppose as each morning arose and
 we saw the familiar faces

We accepted the fact and forgot that it lacked a
 substantially similar basis.

But on Sunday at last I discovered aghast that
 with mournful and desolate mien

Mr. Davies was there but he wanted a pair and
 his colleague was not to be seen ;

In vain Dr. Lloyd at the organ employed all
 his art to induce him to come

And remember the day and Trafalgar his bay,
 but the senior Conduct was dumb.

Should we utter reproaches the boys whom he
coaches would clamour his cause to defend,
Let us rather rejoice he's recovered his voice,
while thus with a moral we end—

Whoever has work which he's tempted to shirk
and regrets he of duty a slave is,
Should study in time the example sublime of
himself and his friend Mr. Davies.

[As these poems were both awarded the Hervey English Verse Prize, the editors feel that they may wash their hands of all responsibility. They wish, however, to request that they may be read by no one who has not competed for a Prize Poem himself, and to state that the collective ages of the authors amount to 32.]

SAN FRANCISCO.

Lovers of live truth, found you false my tale?

The Ring and the Book.

You want a tale of the burning city, Sir?
Why, I could tell a thousand odd, each night
A new one, like the Arabian in the book,
All of them strange and horrible and true.
But what's the good? You've seen it all before
Boomed in the papers; you know as well as I
The havoc and the panic and the wrack
And all the tumult of the tortured town.
Yet, since you will, I'll tell you of three men
Whom Death o'ertook in the foundry where I
worked
As clerk—to whom in that last hour he showed
Their lives and hearts and gave the clearer view.
I saw their death, heard the last words of each,
Which I will tell you, not indeed exact
As they were spoken, but as a curious mind

Might mould and form them—as they might
have been

Had Death but been less instant in his call.

He was standing by me at my desk, when first
The earth shook, and the wild weird night began,
The head of the firm, pompous and huge and
proud,

Full of the world,—you know the type yourself,
They grow this side of the sea as well as that.

Well, at the first rent in the rocking roof,

At the first grip of terror, back he reeled

Into a chair, turned livid, gasped, and fixed

His eyes upon me, pouring sweat the while,

And cried—not this, but—I told you, Sir,
before :

“Cruel God, if God at all, why wilt thou
torture thus the dead,

Hurling merciless a wasted life-time at my
sinful head,

All its greed and all its envy and its cheating
and its lies,

Its hypocrisy and malice—flaunting them before
my eyes ?

And the souls that I have wronged, how in
never-ending train

They are tearing at my flesh, they are crowding
in my brain ;

All the hands that I ill-treated, starved and
drove them to the bad,
And the rival that I libelled, ruined him and
sent him mad.
And the dealers I defrauded with sham iron,
rotten steel,
They are coming, they are on me—heaven,
how my senses reel !
See, the flames of hell around me, and the
devil-voices, hark !
What, no ray of light to save me ? Must I die
then in the dark ?”

Yes, in the dark he died ; and I, no time
There was to stand and look upon the dead,
Left him thus lying, rose and went my way
Towards the foundry, to do what might be done.
But as I went I heard a groan, and saw
Half stifled by the fallen roof, his head
Bleeding and bruised, the new-come office-boy,
Tossed from some quiet Californian home
Into the turbid bustle of the town.
And now, while Death still stayed his hand, ere
yet
The artery's slit had yielded all his blood,
He saw his little uneventful life
Behind him, saw what might have been before,
Saw Death, and sang the sum of all he knew.

“My heart desires to sing—
And the desire is strong:
Yet knows not anything
To give it theme for song.

I cannot sing the flame
And grace of maidens' eyes;
Such love is but a name,
And far beyond me lies.

I cannot sing of war
And victory in the strife,
Nor mystic heavenly lore,
The contemplative life.

I sing but of a stream,
A meadow, the warm air,
A room—is it a dream?
A loving mother's care,

A hand I used to know,
The tolling of a bell,
Winter and night and woe—
God, but I loved her well!”

Well, for the third. I left the dying boy
And passed towards the foundry. There the
flames

Had broken loose, and in the murky glare
The shrieking of the myriad mangled wheels
And frenzied humans beat upon my ear.
One man there was, with side half burnt away,
Left leg clean gone—thus maimed in rescuing
Some comrade: there with steady smile he lay,
Fixed lip and watching eye, waiting the end.

“God, at my last hour, thou art near to save
me,

Thou my deliverer and my captain thou:
What though the world has laboured to en-
slave me?

I faced and fought it: thou art with me
now.

Oft its wiles tripped me, round my path
entwining,

Oft did I slip and stumble into sin,
Rose and went on: what profit in repining,
Scanning the past, while heaven was still
to win?

Tainted and bruised, thy mercy will not hate
me;

Though I have fallen, I have not fought in
vain:

If other labours, other fights await me,
God, I have striven, I can strive again.”

So spoke he, face to face with Death, then died
As he had lived, more strode than passed
away :

And I—but that's a tale for another time.

Well, you don't like my story, Sir ? you think
The bad man overdone, painted too black,
Mere novel-villain, not real man at all.
And the boy, you think he's sickly, I suppose,
Too sentimental, too much of the saint ;
And you dislike the third too, with his cant.
Well, Sir, you may be right : but it's the types
That are precious, they're the reason of my
tale.

For what's the difference between the world
And a San Francisco foundry ? Death too is
Death

Whether he comes with earthquake and with
fire,

Or like a still small voice, with curtained room,
Bed, family, priest and all the proper pomp.

And every human being in this world
Belongs to one of the three types, not indeed
So perfected, so exact, as these of mine,
But still each man, child, woman, that you
meet

Is either innocent, more or less, or dead
And effortless, or sinning and striving yet.

Just one point more: the villain in my tale
Looked into his heart, saw evil there, cried
straight

“I am lost: what use to fight against the
strong?”

And so went under. Had the white-souled saint
Thought only of the whiteness of his soul,
Why, the least sight of sin would have sent
him mad.

Had the brave fighter pondered all his deeds
And haggled “So much lost here, and so much
Gained there,” why, he would never have
fought at all.

Wherefore don't whine and whimper “Which
am I,

The villain, the strong stumbler, or the saint?”
Go forward: God will tell you by-and-by.

THE GLACIAL AGE.

"But there was no voice throughout the vast illimitable desert, and the characters upon the rock were SILENCE. And the man shuddered and turned his face away and fled afar off in haste."

E. A. POE.

Εὐδουσιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες,
Πρῶνές τε καὶ χαράδραι.

ALCMAN.

Full oft, O very pleasant God of Sleep,
Had I sunk 'neath thy sway, and sought with
thee

The shelter of thy silent courts and deep,

And heard thy fountains tinkle drowsily,

And seen the sights which only thou couldst
show ;

But not before hadst thou reveal'd to me

Such things as lately, when the lamp burn'd
low,

I dream'd : for all the ages roll'd away
Beneath thy spell, and worlds of long ago

Rose to mine eager sight, and it was day.

And I beheld a wondrous universe
Of smooth and shining ice, whereon did play

A beam of rising sun, while yet the hearse
Of purple night had scarcely left the sky,
Casting her darkling shadow like a curse

Upon the extremest western peak : and I
Rejoicèd somewhat that the night was dead
Yet fearèd somewhat still myself to die ;

For all my wonder scarce contain'd my dread
Of this unused sight ; but thou didst calm
The grim forebodings, and I rais'd my head,

And saw where Phoebus with a rosy charm
Fir'd the crystalline ice to flash his light
From myriad points, as when in deep alarm

A flock of pigeons fly from some fierce kite,
And all their wings go twinkling far and wide
And circle and divide and yet unite.

So did the ice give back from every side,
From every crack and crevice, thousand hues ;
Nor could my gaze such glory long abide.

But I was fain to turn aside and muse
On all the wondrous pageant of the dream,
Nor dared to stir, lest haply might I lose

Thy magic marvel : but e'en as a stream
Flows onward to the sea from its far source,
Drawn by an unseen hand, so did I seem

Drawn onward by a great unthought-of force,
To traverse continents, o'er hill and plain,
In an unswerving and unceasing course.

But everywhere held solitude her reign
Bleak and unbending, nor was any sound
Save only when the ice was rent again

By Nature's primal forces, nor was found
Or track or trace of man or living beast,
But treacherous ice entomb'd the fruitful ground.

And on a sudden all my joy had ceas'd,
And I could cry for awful loneliness,
As when a man, yet freshly from a feast,

Reft of his gay companions, feels distress
Settle on him, a leaden cloud of grief
No day can lighten and no sun can bless—

So I, aware that there was no relief
But Death-in-Life was everywhere supreme,
Trembled in causeless fear, an aspen leaf.

And though I once had so much lov'd the dream
And bless'd the golden cord which guided me,
Now all my prayer was that it might not seem

So terrible, so real: "Might I see,
O God of Life, one little living thing,
A blade of grass, a flower, or a tree,

A creeping beast, the curve of one bird's wing,
Then were I blest indeed!" And straight
the spell
Was broken to my prayer: as when the spring

Steals delicately from her recluse cell
After the passing of the barren car
That hoary winter drives o'er every dell,

And wakes again the windy flower's star,
With primrose and the stately daffodil,
So stole a sweeter vision from afar,

And greedily mine eyes drank in their fill;
For all the ice was melted, by the hand
Omnipotent of sovran pow'r and will,

And in a moment into life was fann'd
The dormant spark beneath the barren waste :
And I was happy, gazing on the land,

And backward now the peopled ages traced
Till flowers blossom'd and men receiv'd their
life,
And soon the earth was deafen'd by their haste.

But, though a man may turn from noisy strife
And frenzied struggles after idle gold,
And all the misery that runs so rife

Since man's creation, yet must he be bold
Who would seek out the silence of the past
And in his hand the magic crystal hold

To lead him back to deserts over-vast
Of the despairing ice that I have known,
Lest in the solitude he sink at last

And there be none to hear his bitter groan,
And all that great magnificence of God
Strangle his heart and turn it into stone.

There might an Angel walk, fallen from God
In penance for some stain of earthly sin,
A little while, and then go back to God

And perfect expiation he should win,
For that black horror, piercing as a knife;
So I come back to earth and to my kin

And nothing reck of what men call the strife,
The bustle and the heat, the stifling rush
Of our most overcrowded earthly life,

But revel in the song of every thrush,
The greenness of the grass, the flower'd plain,
The cricket chirping in the sunset's hush,
Each jewel of the kindly mother's train.

[Although a prize poem means a poem which gets a prize, a penal poem does not necessarily mean a poem which gets a poena. These are printed as specimens from what is a very wide field: the first for the depth of its study of human nature, the second as illustrating the method of composition, and the third as a more or less blasphemous result of the *Italienische Reise* above described.]

THE FELLOWS OF ETON COLLEGE.

Little Verses on Great Men.

The first the Provost is of King's,
Authority on ghostly things.

The second—head of Oxford's polls,
Also the Warden of All Souls'.

The third Fellow, I rightly guess,
Is Henry Roscoe, F.R.S.

The next—Lord Cobham, isn't he?
His brother's better known to me.

Old Charlie Smith's the next Fellow,
But nought of him I care or know.

The sixth's the Provost-in-reserve,
In case the Provost lose his nerve.

Lord Halsbury too, an ancient peer,
And ex-Lord Chancellor, is here.

Fellow the eighth is Freddy Smith,
His name's a name to conjure with.

Professor Miers next we see ;
He's great on Mineralogy.

The tenth is Eldon Bankes, K.C.,
Who makes the jurymen agree.

Lord Rosebery 'd nothing else to do,
So he became a Fellow too.

THE CAMEL.

The Camel is a wily beast,
You ride upon him in the East :
He has a hump upon his back
To which you cling just like a sack.
On writing the above, I find
He has another hump behind.
Or so we're told by Mathews (P.)
But he and Haldane don't agree.
The whole of Chamber now is fighting
About the poem that we're writing ;
For some say one and some say two
And all are certain of their view,
While Rawnsley shrieks " Divide ! Divide !"
I think we'll let the matter slide.

Poscia ch' io ebbe l' orioło udito
Le due e un quarto sonar subitamente
Ira mi giunse, e fui quasi smarrito.

Io cominciai : " Maestro, indubitamente
Per l' orologia son questi sospiri,
Che sempre ritarda perversamente."

E il buon maestro a me, " I tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno....i terzi rimi
Io consiglio, se la pace tu desiri."

A DREAM AND AN AWAKENING.

[It is thought that we ought to show a little classical learning, but it is quite easy for those who wish to go on to page 70.]

Νυκτὶ μέσῃ ποτὲ μακρὸν ἀνώφελον εὖδον ἄνπνον
 ὕπνον, ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὄλβια πολλὰ βλέπων·
 ἡδέα γὰρ περὶ κρατὸς ὀνείρατα πόλλ' ἐπέτοντο,
 ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐν τερπνοῖς πᾶσιν ἐνῆν τι πικρόν.
 σκληρὸν γὰρ πόλεμόν τε μάχην τ' ἐδόκουν
 ἀνέχεσθαι,

τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν ἀρνύμενος τελέαν.
 πολλά τε νικηθεὶς ἀνδρεΐά τε πολλὰ μογήσας
 τραύματα κινδύνους τ' ἀργαλέους ἔπαθον·
 ἀλλὰ μάχην μακρὰν προφρόνως ἔτ' ἔτεινον,
 ἐμαντῶ

αἰεὶ τοῖς τε φίλοις πᾶσιν ἀμυνόμενος.
 οὐ γὰρ ἔχειν δῆθ' ὕπνον ἀναίσθητόν τ' ἄχαρὶν τε
 ἠθέλον ἄν, καίπερ μυρία δεινὰ παθών.
 εἶτα δ' ἰοστέφανος Νίκη θεὸς ἄπτερος ἦλθεν,
 ἡρέμα μειδήσας ὄμμασιν ἀθανάτοις.
 καὶ τέλος εἰς κῆπον πολυήρατον ἦλθομεν ἡμεῖς,
 ἀκτῖσιν τ' ἐγέλασσ' ἥλιος εὐμενέσιν·
 ἦν χάρις ἔνθα ρόδων παλλευκά τε λείρι' ἔθαλλε,
 καὶ μαλακῶς ἐλάλει δένδρεα τοῖς ἀνέμοις.

ἔνθ' ἀγαθοὶ πάντες, πάντες τ' εὐδαίμονες ἦμεν,
καὶ μ' ἐφίλουν πάντες, πάντας ἐγὼ δ' ἐφίλουν·
εἰς δὲ φίλων τότ' ἐμοὶ πάντων ἦν φίλτατος αἰεί,
τῶν δὲ φίλων τούτῳ φίλτατος ἦ τότ' ἐγώ.
ἀλλ' ἤδη μοι ὀνειράτ' ἀμαυρωθέντ' ἀπέφευγε,
καὶ μ' ἔλιπεν ταχέως ὕπνος ἀποπτάμενος.
ἡέλιος δ' ἤδη προκαμὼν ἄκουσι σὺν ἵπποις
παγχαλκοῦν βραδέως οὐρανὸν εἰσανέβη·
ἀλλ' ἐγὼ εἰς μόχθους τε καὶ ἀργαλέον πόνον
ἦλθον,
καὶ κακίαν θνητῶν εἶδον ἀπειρεσίαν.
οὐκέτι δὴ ψευσθεῖς ἔμαθον βίον ὄντα μάταιον,
καὶ κενὸν ἐκγελάσας, τόνδ' ἐποίησα λόγον·
πικρὸν ὀνειροπολεῖν, πικρὸν ὕπνος χωρὶς ὀνειρῶν,
ἀλλὰ πέρα πάντων πικρὸν ἐγρηγορέναι.

SONG OF SONGS.

Chap. ii. 1, 3, 6, 7, 16 ; iv. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7 ; vii. 7, 8, 9, 6, 10.

ἔμμι Σάρωνος βρόδον, ἔμμι λεῦκον
 τοῦν νάπαισι λείριον· ὥσπερ ὕλας
 μάλον ἐν δένδροισι, φίλος κόροισι
 τοῖος ἔνεστι.

ἦ μάλ' αὐτα βολλομένα κατήμαν
 τῶδ' ὑπὰ σκίας· ἀμαμαξύδων με
 γεύσεν ἀδιστᾶν γλυκέρω τε κάρπω
 πόλλ' ἐθέλοισαν.

χέρρι λεία τὰν κεφάλαν ἐρείδει,
 ἀγκαλίσδεταί τέ με δηῦτε κῆνος
 δεξία· μὴ, πρίν κ' ἐθέλῃ, τaráσσετ'
 ὕπνον ἔρωτος,

μή μιν ἐξεγέρρετ'· ἔχω φίλον μοι
 κάμε δηῦτε κῆνος ἔχων φιλήει,
 ἐμ μέσοισιν ὃς νέμεται κρίνοισι,
 λείρι' ἀμέργων.

ἄνιδ' ὥς κάλα τὸ πρόσωπον ἔσσι,
 κῶς κάλα ρίδην τύ· πελειάδεσσιν
 ἐγ κόμαισι σαῖσιν ἔραννα πάμπαν
 ὄππατ' ἔοικεν.

βοστρύχοις αἴγων ἀγέλα φαέννοις
 ὄψε νοστεύντων κατ' ὄρευσ ἑοικας,
 κάκ λοέτρων σοῖς ὀϊέσσι κουρί-
 μαισιν ὄδοντας.

ὥς λίνον φοινικόβαφες σὰ χεῖλη,
 ἔσσι τ' εὐγλωσσοι· κρόταφοί τε φαῖδροι
 ὥς μέρος βροίας πεδὰ σοῖσι βοστρύ-
 χοῖσι δόκεισιν.

ἔσσι τοῖς μάσδοις διδύμαις ὕμοῖα
 πρόξιν, αἶ ἔν κρῖνοισιν ὕμοι νέμονται,
 ἦχες οὐ καλῖδα, κάλα τὸν πάμπαν
 ἔσσι φίδεσθαι.

τοῦτο φεῖδος ἔστιν ὕμοιον ὕσδων
 εὐρέων φοίνικι, τέρευνά τ' ἄμφω
 ἰψιγυίοισιν σταφύλαισιν οἶδαι
 στήθε' ὕμοια.

φεῖπον, ἑς φοίνικα πόδας προτρέψω
 λάμψομαί τ' ὕσδων· σταφύλαισι μάσδοις
 ἀμπέλων ἔσσει βραδίνοις ὕμοῖα
 μᾶλά τέ κ' αἶψα

βρῖνες ὅσδοιεν· στύμα δηῦτε φοῖνον
 εὐφρανεῖ φοι καμ μυλάκως τρέχοντα,
 τὸν κατευδόντων δύνατον φέπεσσι
 χεῖλεα κίνην.

ὥς πρὸς ἀδόναις τὸν κάλα, γλύκῃ τ'
 ἔσσι κήνω, τὸν φιλέω περίσσως,
 ἔμμι, καὶ πρὸς ἄμμε φίλοιον πάμπαν
 ἱμερος ἔστι.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.

(I.) MIMNERMUS.

Surely the Sun hath labour every day ;
His horses rest not, neither resteth he,
When rosy-fingered Dawn hath climbed the way
Of heaven, and left her couch beneath the sea.
He o'er the wave is borne upon a bed
Full fair and hollow, by Hephaestus' hand
Wrought of fine gold, on light wings balanced ;
Thus, softly sleeping, from the Western Land
Over the curling wavelets he is drawn
To Aethiopia, where his horses are,
Waiting the Daughter of the Mist, the Dawn.
Then Hyperion's son doth mount his car.

(II.) FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

Trample, fierce spirit, on thy prostrate slave ;
God knoweth I have learnt to bear thy smart.
I know thy flaming arrows ; thou wilt rave
Unharming : all in ashes is my heart.

Creep gently, ivy, o'er Sophocles' tomb,
Shed thy green locks of hair upon the ground ;
O'er all the hallowed spot let roses bloom,
And vines their juicy tendrils spread around.
So wise he was, his words so honey-sweet,
In him the charms of Muse and Grace did meet.

A SONG TO A FAIR YOUNG LADY GOING OUT OF TOWN IN THE SPRING.

[We did not write this: it is a real bit of Dryden and is printed for its remarkable likeness to the Latin on the opposite page.]

Ask not the cause, why sullen Spring
So long delays her flowers to bear ;
Why warbling birds forget to sing,
And winter storms invert the year ;
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it spring, where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair ;
She cast not back a pitying eye ;
But left her lover in despair,
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah, how can those fair eyes endure,
To give the wounds they will not cure !

Great god of love, why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of every land ?
Where thou hadst placed such power before,
Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

[These are real Galliambics: at least none of us can make them any more so.]

Ne quaere cur morantis sua germina parere
Facies maligna veris nimis undique dubitet;
Neque cur modos volucres celebrare puduerit,
Alienam ubique flabris imitantibus hiemem.
Abiit Chloes venustas; simul ire viridia
Iussere Fata veris, loca cum nova petiit.
Abiit Chloes venustas, neque respicere oculis
Nimis, a! nimis molestis semel ausa misericors;
Manet hic amans fidelis, suspiriaque bibit,
Manet ille, solus, exspes, moriturus humiliter.
Erat at nefas puellae dare volnera vegetos
Oculos nec arte summâ revocabilia iterum.
Amor o potens, quid olim faciem tibi facere,
Faciem ausus es peritam regere omnia dominam?
Faciem, omnium valentem violare sacra deûm,
Validamque iura casu validissima ruere?
Nimiam prius dedisti, nimiam potentiam;
Clementiam dedisses, Deus optime, parilem.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall ;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And every life but mine recall.
I only am by love designed
To be the victim for mankind.

Quotiens et illa templum pede devia tetigit,
Colere properant videntes, sua flectere genua ;
Valet unica a sepulchris revocare mortuos,
Mihi non, ut ante, vitam valet illa reficere.
Aliisque—sic Amor volt—ego solus hominibus
Caput hostia quasi cogor submittere miserum.

THE BALLAD-MONGER AT THE WINCHESTER MATCH.

[These, on the other hand, are not real Galliambics, but they are very like those of the late Poet Laureate—and incidentally very like the Winchester Match.]

While upon the Plough of Agar those invincible
Wykehamist bats
Smote and drove the cunning “googly,” mocked
at Etonian artifices,
I the rhymester, I the Epicure, I the indolent
“littérateur”
Walked about the field of battle, all-observant,
solitary,
Contemplated the spectators—schoolboy, trades-
man, aristocrat.
There a modern Boadicea, draped in purple,
Solomon-like,
Smiling on the scene around her, murmuring
platitudes amicably,
Clapped and cooed between her daughters,
sought for bachelors eligible,

Hardly thought about the cricket, scarcely
noticed a boundary-hit.

Here again a rabid dry-bob, knowing what the
wicket is like,

Bores his friends with speculations on the
probable end of it all.

There the choristers jubilating, from melodious
drudgery free,

Eat from paper bags their victuals with mono-
tonous quarrelsomeness,

Bicker loudly with each other, taunt the captive
collie of Blake,

Thrust themselves where cricket experts hold
perpetual conferences.

In mellifluous tones — behold ! — ecclesiastical
dignitaries

Interchange their high opinions or their loftier
witticisms.

Lo ! the Wykehamist pale and frenzied—consti-
tutional quiet is gone—

Lo ! he raves in wild anxiety, hopes and fears
reiterating.

Lo !—but should I go on lo-ing, as it were oxen
ululating,

I should hear you all about me, audience,
slumbering stertorously,

So perhaps it will be best to cease my stupid
somniferous song.

A RECANTATION.

I used to write in metres of the classical
variety,

Hexameters, Tetrameters, with very scanty
rhymes,

Long diatribes stuffed full of immorality, impiety,

Erotica, Sympotica, Psychology of Crimes ;
How lucky that my efforts never struggled to
publicity !

For now I've given up my Paganistic eccentricity,

A prodigal I seek again the fold of canonicity,
Cry *sacré* on Anacreon and daily read the
Times.

I've changed my solemn spondees for a metre
rather humorous,

And passion for fashion and nervousness for
news ;

My poems now are shorter and in consequence
more numerous,

No mystical Papistical devices now I use.

And though perhaps you can't believe this little
modern miracle,

My Muse is no more seriously tragical or
lyrical,

For now she's the quintessence of the harm-
lessly satirical,

Respectable, delectable, a "brand from burn-
ing" Muse.

So now I've made a bonfire of my Palatine
Anthology,

The mystery of History in future I'll pursue,
And mix it up discreetly with some orthodox
Theology ;

The veracious Athanasius and his doctrines
I'll review ;

And though my friends and relatives at what
they call my folly carp,

No longer I'll attempt to wed my strains to
the Aeolic harp,

Instead I'll write a treatise on the martyrdom
of Polycarp,

Prodigiously religious, neither nauseous nor
new.

[These explain themselves : at least those of the editors who have written them refuse to make them any easier, and the others are quite unable to give any help.]

DE PROFUNDIS.

Our life is but an ever darkening road
Of fruitless journeying, hedged round about
By an unknown innumerable rout
Of mortal men ; and we, beneath the goad
Of stern affliction, carry each our load
Towards some dim goal enshrouded in the
doubt
Of countless ages, while men jeer and flout
And devils mock us from their dark abode.

How should we trust, to whom no truth is
known,
Who know no faithful soul in all the land ?
Or how, if to us there be no mercy shown,
Should we be merciful, to stay the hand ?
Surely these things are all too hard : 'tis best
Just to let God and Man and all things rest.

HOW ONE SOUGHT RELEASE FROM
SIN IN DEATH, AND HOW HE
WAS FRUSTRATED.

I stand alone in the waste
Which mine own hands have made,
And I raise the cup to taste—
And yet—I am afraid!
For there cometh one very near to me;
I know her well: she is dear to me,
And yet her eyes bring fear to me,
And a debt that I have not paid.

Have I not stolen away
That I might stand alone?
Stand and watch the victims play,
Laughing with heart of stone.
And for her I lov'd—I came from her
For dread of hearing my shame from her,
For fear of the eyes that flame from her
And a debt that I would not pay.

But now she draweth so near,
 Why is the cup yet stay'd?
I have held her dear, so dear—
 In truth, I am afraid!
And our eyes have met, and I read my fate:
When lip meets lip shall I heed my fate?
Nay, God and his angels speed my fate,
 For my debt to the Devil is paid!

When we have felt that life is vain,
When all our happiness is flown,
And all the joy that we have known
Leaves but a darkness and a pain—

Or when a love too fierce and true
Has branded like a flaming coal
Our quivering brain and naked soul,
Until no strength to fight anew,

No hope of peace in coming years,
Brings comfort to our wounded heart—
Or when the agony and smart
Of pride and passion, and the tears

Of fierce and meaningless regret,
And sin we loathe but cherish still,
Have burnt the brain and bent the will—
God, grant us power to forget.

[These are all that remain of a laudable attempt to trace the early history of the animals who, in Mr. Lear's immortal poem, gathered on the hat of the Quangle-Wangle-Queen.]

THE ATTERY SQUASH.

I.

Before the Attery Squash grew large,
He lived with his mother upon a barge;
They hunted the Calipash all day long,
And sang at even the Jumbly song.
Till one sad day he said, "Tirra lirra!
Mother, I *must* go and look for a mirror;
For I've lived for years in this dismal place,
And never have yet beheld my face.
It may be green, it may be black,
It may resemble the face of a yak,
Or it may be—it may be just like the Mac
Intosh,"
Said the Attery Squash.

II.

His mother replied, "My delicate dear,
You're far too rash, and I sadly fear,
If once you beheld your sky-blue eyes
That stare at each other in mild surprise,
Your pendulous neck, and your pimpernel hair,
You'd fall insensible then and there,
And never return to the barge again
Across the Great Gromboolian Plain—
If you stop I will give you a clockwork train!"
"O bosh!"

Said the Attery Squash.

III.

"I'm going to look for a mirror to-day
In spite of whatever you think or say,
In spite of whatever you say or think,
So give me my neck-tie, woolly and pink;
The unicorn shoe from the scullery lintel,
And a calf-bound copy of 'Ainger and Wintle';
Give me some sugar to suck at night,
And a towel to wave, if a bull comes in sight;
And give me, oh give me, my runcible white
Golosh!"

Said the Attery Squash.

IV.

So off he started at half-past ten,
Having written his name with a crocodile pen
In his mother's diaphanous Visiting Book.
He went to Holland by way of the Hook,
Across the Tagus and Guadalquivir,
And every other respectable river.
He watched them building the new Nile dam,
And sneered at the Prince of Seringapatam,
All on his wearisome way to see
His friend Sir Prendergast (spelt with a P),
And he crossed, as the Muffin-man's bell struck
three,

The Wash,
Did the Attery Squash.

V.

Then he shouted and screamed, "I have come
at last,
Dear delectable Prendergast !
Lend me your mirror, that I may observe
My aquiline nose with its dare-devil curve."
But when he beheld his sky-blue eyes
That stared at each other in mild surprise,
His pendulous neck, and his pimperl hair,
He made one desperate leap in the air,
And quite insensible then and there

With a plosh
Fell the Attery Squash.

VI.

And now he sits on the Crumpetty Tree
On the hat of the Quangle-Wangle-Quee,
And plays roulette with his friend the Pobble
Who has no toes and is forced to hobble.
But at night he moans to the wandering wind,
“O mirror! ah mirror! I wouldn't mind
If only my face was green or black,
If it only resembled the face of a yak:
I think I would rather be like the Mac
Intosh.”

Poor Attery Squash!

THE FIMBLE FOWL.

A Fragment.

In the midst of the Flippety Wood
The Fimble Fowl was born;
She had a magenta hood,
And a teaspoon made of horn;
Her legs were long and smooth and blue,
And she carried a bag of crimson hue,
And a great-coat folded three by two,
Which her mother-in-law had worn.

[It is of the essence of romance to defy explanation,
so the commentator preserves silence.]

HYMN TO THE COLOUR RED.

Blue is the colour of sky and of sea,
And green is the colour of grass and of tree,
And white is the colour of purity,
But RED for the roses and RED for me !

The curves of an innocent maiden's face
In lines of pink you may lovingly trace ;
But RED is the trumpet-call ringing thro' space,
That summons the Gods to battle and chase.

The daisy's petal is pure, may be,
And the lily weeps in her chastity,
But RED is the lightning of love for me,
The terrible love that men may see.

Yes, RED is the flame of the fire that kills,
O'ercoming the strength of the adamant wills,
And ever brings grist to the grinding mills,
And ever brings gold to the Devil's tills.

The World the Flesh and the Devil said
Let this be our banner to go at our head,
And he that weareth a rose that is RED
Let him go lie down : he hath made his bed.

BALLADE OF THE LONELY PRINCESS.

They clothe me on with blue and red,
And bind my gold hair back with gold,
That makes a glory of my head :
I am so wonderful to behold,
The kings come riding o'er the wold
With stones of fire and stones of azure—
I had as lief they brought me mould,
For without Love there is no pleasure.

Lying upon my royal bed
I watch the massive curtain's fold
Through which a dim rich light is shed ;
My cunning harp-players are told
To play their music loud and bold,
For to beguile my dainty leisure ;
And yet my heart is dead and cold,
For without Love there is no pleasure.

So sumptuously am I fed,
The meanest dish, if it were sold,
Would buy twelve sorry beggars bread,
As much as their poor scrips would hold.
Rubies, and riches manifold,
Are stored up with my secret treasure—
Yet is my sorrow uncontrolled,
For without Love there is no pleasure.

Envoy.

Prince of my heart, ah! Prince Berold,
Because my loving knows no measure,
Come to me now, ere I be old,
For without Love there is no pleasure.

TO KENNETH GRAHAME.

O gentle author, simple-hearted sage,
We thank thee for thy tale of golden years,
Of all our little childish hopes and fears,
Our silly joys, our brief and blinding rage :
We thank thee for thy richly-laden page,
With all its memories of repentant tears,
And stream and field and merry harvest-shears,
The mirror of our own lost Golden Age.
Oh ! could we but return to that old time,
Ere we were tangled in this troublous maze ;
When life was whole, and simple, and sublime,
When sorrow quickly came and quickly went,
And all the gently-gliding days were blent
In the long glory of a golden haze.

ΕΡΩΣ ANIKATE MAXAN.

I thought you would have died, and all night
long

I slept not (so my heart and soul did ache),
Till the sun rose, and bade the swallows
make

The melody I thought a funeral song.

Then slept I: but before me, very strong,

Stood Love in armour: and he cried "Awake!

Thou slumberer, and know that for thy sake
One I have saved of all Death's captive throng."

Then I beheld your body, as you lay

Perfectly fair upon the little bed,

Most like a pearl within its fairy shell.

Then as the Warrior-Love went on his way,

I saw you stir from death, and raise your
head.

So I awoke and knew that it was well.

'Send your road is clear before you when the old
Spring-fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you.—R. K.

Loud is the voice that calls to-day
To many and to me,
The challenge of the merry spring
Calling us to be free.
(In truth though she may call in vain
She calls right worthily.)

Calling that we should join the birds
Who pour their songs to heaven,
'Mid the new foliage of the trees
In Dorset or in Devon,
When the bright gladness of the day
Yields to the soft spring even.

The primrose peeps from out the grass
In maiden modesty,
And the robin pipes from every spray,
Of love, full jauntily.
And in the blood the voice is heard
Which calls us to be free.

Ah ! to be on the open road
With one that I hold dear,
To see the sun light up the hills
And glimmer on the mere,
To watch him sink in the distant sky
And to know no more fear !

Then would I heed the voice that cries,
Then know that God is good,
My soul should lean on Nature's breast
In the quiet of some wood,
Till I had soothed my leaping thoughts
And calm'd my raging blood.

But oh ! we are not free to-day !
We must abide our time,
Confined in adamantine bonds
We must play out the mime,
And give our best to this small end—
Merely to do no crime.

[A majority of the editors are anxious to put it upon record that they are, if anything, rather advanced Liberals: they claim therefore that such immortality as these poems convey on Mr. Birrell and Mr. Lloyd-George must be regarded as purely fortuitous.]

AN OBITER DICTUM.

"He had heard with amazement from some of the most eminent experts in Germany that they wanted a school somewhat on the same lines as Eton. Personally, despite his acquaintance with Eton, it had never occurred to him to look on it as an educational establishment" (laughter).
—*Mr. Birrell at Kingston.*

The statesmen of old were repeatedly told
Of the figures and facts they'd forgotten,
But they always replied that their enemy lied,
That his mind and his morals were rotten.
Our statesmen instead are so very well bred,
You have only to whisper the word to them,
And they straightway declare with an innocent
air
That it really had never occurred to them!

Can this be the cause of occasional flaws
In the bills about which we have differed,
For instance, the bill for enforcing the will
Of that eminent man, Dr. Clifford?
Those pestilent fools, with their churches and
schools,
No wonder they seemed so absurd to him;
The idea they would fight if they thought they
were right—
It simply had never occurred to him!

Perhaps it explains why on Erin's green plains
The cows are decreasing in number
Without interfering, to outward appearing,
With Chief Secretarial slumber:
No doubt he'll awake to the action to take
When they've actually driven a herd to him;
Poor innocent man, let him sleep while he can,
As yet, it has never occurred to him!

Cease, Eton, to blame that he knew not your
fame
When the German professors referred to him;
In his jocular mood the idea it was rude
Can simply have never occurred to him!

THE DRAWING OF THE LONG BOW.

"Clericalism is the enemy." (*Cheers.*)

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the House of Commons.

"He saw in the newspapers that a Bishop had left the Liberal party. He did not know that the Bishop ever belonged to it." (*Loud cheers and laughter.*)

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Liverpool.

I saw the gangways crowded, I heard the wild
 applause,

I marked the politician in each calculated pause,
I saw the flaring footlights of the Parliamentary
 stage,

And I heard the weighty accents of the Spirit
 of the Age.

Remember, it was crying, their inevitable fate
Who sever their Religion from the guidance of
 the State,

O Irishmen illiterate, O bondsmen of the Czar !
'Tis the friendship of the clergy that has made
 you what you are.

Invent yourself a story of a Proselyte and
Priest,
Collecting all your evidence from those who
know them least,
Persuade yourself the clergy are both fanatics
and fools,
Then gather all your forces to expel them from
the schools.

Who dares to doubt of fairness when a Clifford
holds the scales ?

Who ever heard a whisper of intolerance in
Wales ?

Free Trade, Reform, Retrenchment—these cries
have had their day,

The hatred of the clergy is our common bond
to-day !

* * * * *

And yet I have a vision of a stuffy London
street

And a rather stupid parson whom the children
run to greet,

And I smile as I remember the inveterate dis-
taste

Of my rather stupid pupil to being publicly
embraced.

And I see another vision—a stronger sterner
face

As I saw it from the towpath at the finish of
the race,

And I know that in the cities of a country far
away,

As we bless him, there are others who are
blessing him to-day.

Last, through an English village I see an old
man go

White-chokered and old-fashioned—and I look
at him and know

That the enemies of England, whoever they
may be,

Are not many in the calling that is served by
such as he.

VALE.

The night draws on ; and, with the day, forlorn
I must go hence ; dear Eton, speed me well
Upon the long day's work ! I cannot tell
What chance may hap, what waits me in the
morn :

But let sweet thoughts of thee, sweet dreams
be born

To cheer and guide me, and when life is dark
Let me, as oft in troubled sea the barque
Puts back to port with sails and rigging torn,
Beneath thy sheltering peace rest but a space
And then fare forth more bold : the gage I wear
Shall mark me thine : and so with cheerful face
I'll greet what comes, be it sorrow, joy or care.
The night has closed, grey dawn is in the sky ;
Would that these moments yet would backward
fly !

VALE.

Eton, a song of parting to prepare thee
I now take up my pen.

Swift as a moving pomp of sky
These chequer'd years have fled by ;
The moment of farewell is nigh,
Nor shall I know till then
What love I bear thee.

I think again how oft I cleft asunder
The loud waves of the weir,
Plunging beneath their angry race ;
Or slacken'd, as the water's face
I skimmed where willows interlace,
My cedar boat's career
To catch their thunder.

I leave the sights wherein my soul rejoices :
Those Titan buttresses
With ledges where the pigeons light,
The Castle's battlemented might,
The fairy Chapel on the height,
The solemn services
And angel voices.

Old friends, old faces, old association,
Are all that shall remain :

No more the languor of the limes,
Never the clock's uneasy chimes,
Save to recall to me old times
And wake in me the pain
Of separation.

Five happy years beneath thy cloister'd shadow
Have fled like a day :

What have I gained ? some love of truth ?
Some taste for learned books, forsooth ?
Much boyish gladness ? Ah, but youth
Is hurrying fast away ;
By stream and meadow,

In house or field, despondency or gladness ,
Uneasy whispers warn

Of childhood's embers growing colder,
Of self becoming older, older,
Henceforth of life no mere beholder :
I' the heart of joy is born
This thought of sadness.

Whate'er my lot, deep gratitude these verses
Would voice : for innocence

Preserv'd, for loving labour taught,
For Friendship sweeter than I sought,
For Beauty's vision early caught.
Long may I keep the sense
Of these thy mercies.

O Mother dear, waiting thy last commandment
I pause, and pray thee bless

My manhood: not as I have been,

Timid before the unforeseen,

But brave and clear of eye within

To see *beyond* distress

And disenchantment,

Thus send me forth, 'twixt sorrow and elation,
Upon my journeying—

My sweetest hopes for coming years

To honour thee, my deepest fears

To shame thee, when at last appears

The ultimate reckoning,

Life's consummation.

VALE.

Hours and days and the long long summers,
Weeks and months and the shifting years,
Days of dreaming and childish pleasures,
Joys and sorrows and hopes and fears,
These are as grass that the sun hath smitten —
Hate of an enemy, love of a friend,
Over all is the sentence written,
“I see that all things come to an end.”

Yea, but wide is the Lord's commandment,
Wide—and the fools shall not err therein,
Not for a time or a season only
Stands it written, “thou shalt not sin.”
We may fail and our footsteps falter,
Yet 'tis a God that has marked our road,
His is the love no chance may alter,
And His commandment is very broad.

If in a desolate land and weary
Goodly the heritage we have known,
If in the desert a healing shadow
Stand our friends as a rock of stone,
Therefore we, as the Lord ordaineth,
Pay the love that we learnt from them,
Therefore we, while our breath remaineth,
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.



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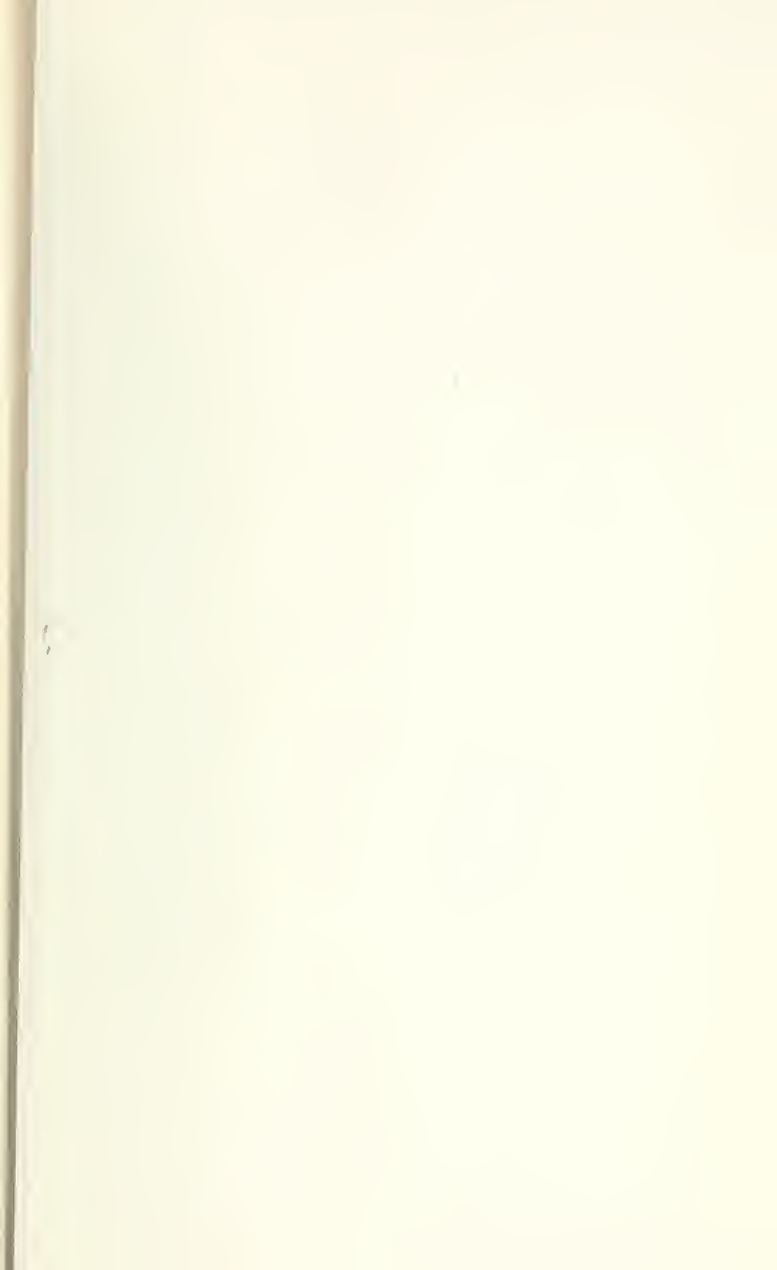
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